

The Simpsons

"Homer's Odyssey"

Written by

Jay Kogen & Wallace Wolodarsky

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CAST LIST - CONT'D

TV ANNOUNCER #1.....HARRY SHEARER
TV ANNOUNCER #2.....SAM MCMURRAY
JINGLE CHORUS.....
LITTLE HOMER DEVIL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LITTLE HOMER ANGEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MRS. WINFIELD.....RUSSI TAYLOR
OLD MAN WINFIELD.....SAM MCMURRAY
COUNCILMAN #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA
COUNCILMAN #2.....HARRY SHEARER
CHIEF.....SAM MCMURRAY
DEMONSTRATOR #1.....HARRY SHEARER
MONTGOMERY BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

MRS. KRABAPPEL (pronounced KRUH-BOP-EL), BART and the rest of her CLASS wait at the curb in front of the Springfield Elementary School. A sign on the wall reads "SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL", with "EL BARTO" spray-painted nearby.

The class is a **NOISY** rambunctious group. Mrs. Krabappel brings a police whistle tied around her neck to her mouth and **BLOWS** it.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now, class, I don't want this field trip to be a repeat of our infamous visit to the Springfield State Prison. So I want you all to be on your best behavior. Especially you, Bart Simpson.

BART

Mrs. Krabappel. I didn't unlock that door.

The **SOUND** of a **BUS ENGINE** and **HEAVY METAL MUSIC** grows louder. A school bus drives over the curb and **SCREECHES** to a halt in front of Mrs. Krabappel and class. The door **SQUEAKS** open and the bus driver is OTTO DUGAN, a pale, aging heavy metal dude with dyed black hair and a headset with headbanger **MUSIC BLARING TINNILY** from under his driver's hat. He seems hung over.

Otto leans out the driver's window and looks at the kids lined up below.

OTTO

(MOANS) Sorry, little dudes. Party
hardy equals tardy.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

All right, (CLAPS HANDS) children,
count off.

The line of kids slowly moves around the bus. We **HEAR** the kids **COUNTING OFF** in the background. When Bart is below the driver's window, he looks up.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, Otto. Hey, Ottoman.

OTTO

Hey, Bartdude.

BART

Any new tattoos, Otto?

OTTO

Oh, funny you should ask, man. This
morning I woke up with this one.

Otto rolls up the sleeve of his T-shirt to reveal a flaming skull with a dagger dripping blood stuck through it.

BART

Cool! I want one.

OTTO

Huh, not till you're fourteen, my
little friend.

Otto puts on a Walkman and starts to rock to Metallica.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (O.S.)

Bart! Bart Simpson!

We **CUT WIDE**, Bart realizes the rest of the line has gotten
on the bus. Bart zips off.

INT. BUS

Bart enters. As he looks into the filled bus, he sees that
there is one seat left in the second-to-the-last row, next
to a fragile-looking boy, WENDELL. The **CAMERA ZOOMS** in on
the boy as the **MUSIC STINGS** dramatically.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Take your seat, Bart.

BART'S P.O.V.

BART

Oh, please, Mrs. Krabappel, not next to
Wendell. He pukes on every bus ride.

(TO WENDELL) No offense, Wendell.

WENDELL

(MOANS)

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Be that as it may, it's the only seat
left. So get in there.

As Bart crosses to the second to the last row, the other
kids **AD LIB**: "Chop on you," "Tough luck," "Nice knowin'
you, Simpson." They also make **GAGGING NOISES** and mime
throwing up. Bart sits down next to Wendell.

WENDELL

Please try not to shake the seat like
that.

Mrs. Krabappel takes the mini-microphone and begins to speak, but loud piercing **FEEDBACK** comes out of the speaker.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Now class, remember,
do not stick any part of your body out
the window. We all know the tragic
story of the young man who stuck his
arm out the window and had it ripped
off by a big truck coming in the other
direction.

The bus is hushed in awe. Bart stands up, one arm tucked inside his shirt, his shirt sleeve flapping.

BART

And I was that boy!

There is a mixed reaction of **SCREAMS** and **CHEERS** from the students.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Bart Simpson, sit
down. I've had just about enough of
your tomfoolery. Now I want ten
seconds of silence from all of you or
this bus isn't going anywhere. One,
two--

LEWIS (O.S.)

Buckle my shoe.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) I mean it. We're not leaving until I get five seconds of silence. One, two, three...

BART

(SINGING) Strikes, you're out at the old ball game.

The kids **LAUGH**.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) All right, one second of silence. One. (TO OTTO)
Go! Ha!

The bus **STARTS UP** with the horrible **GRINDING OF GEARS**.

WENDELL

(MOANING) I don't feel so hot.

Bart is not happy. The **BUS PULLS OUT** and starts down the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The bus passes a **BUBBLING PIT** with a sign reading: "SPRINGFIELD TOXIC WASTE DUMP." Kids wave and MEN in safety suits wave back.

They pass the tire yard, where old tires are stacked as far as the eye can see and a sign states "SPRINGFIELD TIRE YARD. HOME OF LOTS OF OLD TIRES". Some kids in the bus wave out the window and several YARD WORKERS, covered head to toe with soot, wave back.

The bus drives by a large concrete building labeled "SPRINGFIELD STATE PRISON. OVER 1200 SERVING". The kids wave and we see arms sticking out of barred windows waving back.

LEWIS

Look, there's our school again.

The bus indeed passes the school.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Otto, are you sure you, ah...?

OTTO

Shortcut, Mrs. K, trust me.

INT. BUS

Wendell is getting very sick and woozy. Bart frantically raises his hand.

BART

Mrs. Krabappel...! Mrs. Krabappel...!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Bart, not another word out of you, or I'll subject you to the humiliation of making you sing in front of the class.

BART

Can I pick the song?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) No. The song will be, "John Henry Was A Steel Drivin' Man".

BART

Oh no.

Bart makes the gesture of zipping his lips shut. Two angelic twins in neat little dresses, TERRI AND SHERRI, are seated in the last row, right behind Bart and Wendell.

SHERRI

We're going to make you sing, Bart Simpson.

They pull his ear. Bart keeps his mouth clamped shut.

TERRI

Yeah, Bart Simpson. We're going to
make you sing.

They pull his hair. Bart emits a small closed-mouth **SQUEAK** of protest. Terri and Sherri confer in **WHISPERS** for a beat, then they both kiss Bart, one on each cheek.

BART

(ANGUISHED WAIL OF DISGUST)

Mrs. Krabappel turns around.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) That's it, Bart!

Oh! Why can't you be more like...

uh... uh... uh...

SHERRI/TERRI

(RAISING HANDS) Us, Mrs. Krabappel?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Yes... Sherri and Terri. They know how
to behave.

Sherri and Terri sit with their hands folded on their laps, looking perfect, with an angelic light behind their heads.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

The bus pulls up in front of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant. A sign labels the plant and under it states:
"WE'RE SAFER THAN YOU THINK." Bart is **SINGING** "John Henry", inserting his name into the lyrics.

BART

(SINGS) "They took Bart Simpson to the
graveyard / And they buried him in the
sand, oh, yeah / And every locomotive
that comes roarin' by / Says, 'There
lies a steel-drivin' man,' Lord! Lord!
Oh, there lies a--"

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE; INTERRUPTING) All
right, Bart, that's enough.

BART

Hey, Wendell, you made it, buddy.

Bart **SLAPS** Wendell on the back.

EXT. BUS

We **HEAR** a **RETCHING NOISE**. The kids exit the bus as quickly
as possible, spilling out the emergency door and windows.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MAIN SECURITY BOOTH

The **GUARD** is eating a sandwich, and watching "Krusty the
Klown" on a small bank of security monitors. The children
pass by, ducking under the turnstile, unseen.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The class is seated in a meeting room. A permanently
smiling slick public relations man, **MR. SMITHERS**, is at the
front giving a lecture, using a pointer and a wall chart.

SMITHERS

...And so this plant harnesses the
power of the atom so that we have the
energy to run everything from your
favorite video game to yummy cotton
candy machines.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Let's learn more about nuclear energy,
shall we? Lights.

The lights dim and a projector begins WHIRRING.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

We see the "4,3,2,1" of the film leader and then the title card:

"NUCLEAR ENERGY: OUR MISUNDERSTOOD FRIEND"

NARRATOR (V.O)

(FROM SCREEN) When most people think
of nuclear energy, they think of this.

The screen shows a mushroom cloud.

ON CLASS

Watching the film in excitement, the kids CHEER and APPLAUD
as their faces reflect the glow of the ON-SCREEN EXPLOSION.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) But when we talk about
nuclear energy, we really mean this.

The screen shows a family using every electrical appliance possible: stereo, TV, electric fan, vacuum cleaner, electric toothbrush, shaver, etc. A pig is also being roasted on a rotisserie. The screen goes blank as different colored question marks appear.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) But what exactly is
nuclear energy? I don't know, but I
know someone who does: Smilin' Joe
Fission.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION, a little animated character looking like the symbol for the atom with arms, legs and a smiling head attached, walks on screen.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Hi there, energy eaters.
I'm Smilin' Joe Fission, your atomic
tour guide to the strange and exciting
world of nuclear power.

Smilin' Joe Fission walks over to THREE GLOWING, SWEATING
RODS with faces and legs.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) And these are rods of
uranium two-thirty-five. Hi, Rod.
Hey, Rod. How you doin', Rod?

The Rods **AD LIB:** "Hey, Smilin' Joe;" "Howdy;" "Good to
see ya;" etc.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) Hey, you guys look hot.

ROD #1

(FROM SCREEN) Of course we're hot.

ROD #2

(FROM SCREEN) We're radioactive!

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Uh oh, well, how 'bout a
dip in the pool?

The rods run to a pool and jump in acrobatically. The rods
AD LIB: "Wheee!", "Last one in is a rotten rod!", etc.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) The rods make the water
so hot, it boils.

The water starts to **BOIL**.

RODS

(AD LIB) Ooch! Ooch! Ouch. Ooh!

Hot! Oh, pain!

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) And the steam spins

turbines that generate energy.

Turbines spin and animated **WHISTLES** make carnival **MUSIC**.
A silhouette of Bart's head blocks the screen.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(WHISPERS) Down, Bart.

Bart sits down.

BART

(WHISPERS) How'd she know it was me?

BACK ON SCREEN

Angry little glowing **ROCKS** with waving arms come marching
by Smilin' Joe Fission.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Uh oh. Whoops! Looks
like there's a little leftover nuclear
waste! No problem! I'll just put it
where nobody'll find it for a million
years.

Smilin' Joe Fission sweeps the nuclear waste under a rug,
then stomps on the rug to smooth it out. A nuclear waste
rock **POPS** out and **LAUGHS OBNOXIOUSLY**. Smilin' Joe Fission
kicks it off screen.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) So now you know the
whole true story of Nuclear Energy, Our
No Longer Misunderstood Friend. So
tell your friends and tell your folks.
And keep on smilin'.

Smilin' Joe Fission winks and waves.

TITLE CARD: "THE END". MUSIC up and out.

ON CLASS

Mr. Smithers turns the lights back on. The class **APPLAUDS**
WEAKLY.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Very informative.

SMITHERS

Thank you. And now, let's have even
more fun.

Mr. Smithers presses a button and a huge steel door **OPENS**
WITH A WHIR. We **HEAR** an **OMINOUS THROBBING HUM.** We see a
sign that reads **"EXTREME DANGER: RADIOACTIVE AREA. ENTER**
AT YOUR OWN RISK."

INT. PLANT - DAY

Mr. Smithers leads the class through the labyrinthine
plant.

SMITHERS

..And over here is our thermal
regulator. To your right, if you look
through this window, you'll see where
our water rejoins the rest of nature's
biosphere.

Through a window, a pipe spills out onto a beautiful glen. A three-eyed fish jumps out of the water and back in. The tour continues.

SHERRI

Hey, Bart. Our dad says your dad is incompetent.

BART

What does "incompetent" mean?

TERRI

It means he spends more time yakking and scarfing down donuts than doing his job.

BART

Oh, okay. I thought you were putting him down.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is sitting by the coffee maker, munching donuts. Other WORKERS stand around in radiation suits.

HOMER

You know, I defy anyone to tell the difference between these donuts and ones baked today. Hey, my boy's s'posed to be here any second now on a field trip. They been through here yet?

WORKMAN #1

Come on, Simpson. If they wanted the kids to see you sitting around on your butt and stuffing your face they'd take them on a tour of your house.

HOMER

(EXCITED) You're right! I gotta get where the action is!

Homer runs and hops into his electric cart, setting his cup of coffee on the dashboard. He steers with one hand, and holds a donut up with the other hand. The cart takes off very slowly. **SFX: ELECTRICAL HUM.** Homer **BEEPS** his little horn in warning.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Comin' through.

INT. PLANT - CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bart and the other kids are on a catwalk above the work area. They're near a sign reading: "OUR SAFETY RECORD: 7 DAYS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT." Bart looks down to see Homer driving through in his electric cart.

BART

Hey, there's my dad. (YELLS) Hey,
Dad! Yo, Homer!

Homer looks around.

BART (CONT'D)

Woo! Woo! I'm up here!

Homer looks up and waves his donut.

HOMER

Oh, hi, boy!

Homer, having taken his eyes off the road, **CRASHES** head-on into a pipe with the nuclear symbol on it. The pipe breaks open and **STEAM** shoots out onto the entire class. An **ALARM** goes off, steel doors **SLAM** shut, the "7 DAYS" sign changes automatically to "0 DAYS." The foreman walks out with a bullhorn.

FOREMAN

(INTO BULLHORN) Please, there's no
need to panic! Everything's under
control!

Various WORKERS in radiation suits pull levers and turn valves, shutting off the steam. Quickly, everything is quiet. The Foreman looks around with his hands on his hips.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) All right, who's
responsible for this?

The other workers point at Homer. Homer reluctantly raises his hand.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) I might have known it
was you, Simpson.

HOMER

But sir, I--

FOREMAN

(INTO BULLHORN) I don't want to hear
about it, Simpson. You're fired.

(LOOKING UP) Oh, hi, girls!

TERRI & SHERRI

(LOOKING DOWN) Hi, Daddy.

The girls wave and Bart **SLAPS** his forehead and **MOANS**.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

It is the morning in the Simpson household. The entire family is gathered around the breakfast table preparing for the day. Bart and LISA are eating cereal. MAGGIE sits in her highchair eating an unknown goo-like substance. Homer sits at the table wearing a coat and tie with his hair neatly combed. MARGE is cooking Homer's breakfast, scraping some crispy fried eggs off a frying pan and putting them on Homer's plate. Lisa is reading the classified section of the morning paper.

LISA

Here's a good job at the fireworks
factory.

HOMER

(DEPRESSED) Those perfectionists?
Forget it.

LISA

How 'bout this: Supervising Technician
at the toxic waste dump.

HOMER

(SADLY) I'm no Supervising Technician.
I'm a Technical Supervisor. I've never
done anything worthwhile in my life.
I'm a big worthless nothing.

MARGE

There, there, Homer. You'll find a
job. You've caused plenty of
industrial accidents and you've always
bounced back.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. You can do it!

BART

Yeah, go for it, Dad.

HOMER

You're right! I'm young, I'm able-
bodied, and I'll take anything. Watch
out, Springfield, here I come.

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS that include:

An ornate wooden door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A factory door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A frosted glass office door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A large rolling metal door of a garage **SLAMS** down in front
of him.

The drive-by window of a fast-food restaurant **SLAMS** shut in
Homer's face.

Finally a normal door **SLAMS** in his face. It reopens a
crack to reveal Bart sticking his head out.

BART

Don't give up, Dad.

Bart **SLAMS** the (Simpson's) front door in Homer's face.

INT. BAR - MOE'S TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Homer is sitting at the bar staring at his glass.

HOMER

I'm just a Technical Supervisor who
cared too much.

SFX: PHONE RINGS. Moe picks it up.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Moe's Tavern.

BART (V.O.)

(FROM PHONE) Is Mr. Freely there?

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Who?

BART (V.O.)

(FROM PHONE) Freely. First initials,
I.P.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Hold on, I'll check.

(CALLS) Is, ah, I.P. Freely here?

I.P. Freely?

Most of barflies **LAUGH.**

MOE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. (INTO PHONE) Listen,
you lousy bum! When I get a hold of
you I'm gonna rip your arms and legs
off!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart and Lisa roll on the floor, LAUGHING convulsively.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Moe hangs up angrily.

HOMER

You'll get that punk someday, Moe.

MOE

I don't know. He's tough to catch. He
keeps changing his name.

HOMER

(REACHES INTO HIS POCKET) Moe, I think
I'll have another -- (OPENS WALLET,
SEES IT IS EMPTY) -- Whoops. (CHECKS
POCKETS, PULLS INSIDE OUT) Moe, I'm a
little low on funds. You think could
cover me just this once?

MOE

Sorry.

HOMER

Why not? I think after all these years
I deserve an explanation.

MOE

Well, I don't think you're ever going to get another job and be able to pay me back.

HOMER

Oh.

MOE

Now, don't worry, I mean, we're still friends.

Homer **MUMBLES** as he goes to the door, takes one last wistful look around, and exits.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - DARK

Homer and Marge are in bed. We hear **INCOHERENT MUMBLING** from Homer.

MARGE

Are you all right, Homer?

She turns on the lights. Homer is a bug-eyed personification of anxiety. Marge puts her arms around Homer. She is wearing a four-foot nightcap... the same size as her hair.

HOMER

I'm fine. I'm just thinking.

MARGE

Well, I've been thinking too. You know, Homer, you've always been such a good provider, but when we got married, Mr. Berger promised I could come back to my old job anytime I wanted.

HOMER

You think you can still do that kind of
work?

MARGE

Sure! You never forget. It's just
like riding a bicycle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERGER'S BURGERS - NIGHT

We are in a drive-in restaurant. Attractive WOMEN in tight mini-skirts come out carrying trays of food, followed by Marge. She is dressed like the others and is carrying four trays of food. She looks harried. **SFX: HORN HONKING.**

PUNK TEENAGER #1

(YELLS) Hey, Mama, where's my fries
already?

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

An unshaven Homer lies on a couch staring into space. He is comatose. Bart, Lisa and Maggie stand around. The TV is on. **SFX: BOWLING.**

LISA

Dad, eat something. It's got mustard
on it.

HOMER'S P.O.V - THE CEILING

Bart leans INTO FRAME, waves his hand in front of Homer's eyes. Lisa leans INTO FRAME.

BART

(TO LISA) All he does is lie there
like an unemployed whale.

LISA

I don't know what else to do.

Maggie leans in and **SUCKS**. She taps Homer on the eye, her finger filling the screen. **SFX: PING, PING, PING.**

BART

There's only one thing we can do. Take advantage of the old guy. You gotta sign my report card, Dad.

Bart shows Homer a report card (lots of F's and U's).

BACK TO SCENE

Bart puts a pen in Homer's hand, lifts it, and has Homer sign.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Homer hasn't moved. The moon is outside the window.

ON SCREEN

TV ANNOUNCER #1

(FROM TV) Loaftime, The Cable Network For The Unemployed, will be back with more tips on how to win the lottery right after this.

TV ANNOUNCER #2

(FROM TV) Unemployed? Out of work? Sober? You sat around the house all day, but now it's Duff time. Duff's the beer that makes the days fly by.

JINGLE CHORUS

(SINGS) "You can't get enough of that
wonderful Duff."

Homer switches off the TV.

HOMER

Beer! Now there's a temporary
solution.

INT. REFRIGERATOR

The refrigerator is dark until Homer opens it.

Homer shoves the various cans and containers aside, looking
for a beer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

There must be some beer here
somewhere... Ah, maybe in here.

Homer takes out a cake box.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

He opens cake box. There is a cake inside that says "Don't
worry, Daddy, we love you anyway."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Damn!

Homer tosses the cake over his shoulder. Homer's face
becomes twisted with insanity (a la Jack Nicholson in "The
Shining").

HOMER (CONT'D)

I need money!

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart is sleeping peacefully in his bed. His room is
littered with discarded toys, comic books and cookies. The
door **CREAKS** open and Homer creeps into the room, still in
the grip of madness. After a moment of searching, his face
lights up.

The **CAMERA ZOOMS IN** on a piggy bank that sits on a shelf just above Bart's head. Homer eyes it and then quietly crosses the room and grabs the piggy bank. He freezes when he hears Bart **SNORT** in his sleep. Homer waits a beat and then creeps out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer places the piggy bank on the counter and picks up a hammer. He hesitates, then brings the hammer down on the piggy bank with a **MIGHTY GRUNT**. **SFX: SMASH.**

HOMER

Oh no, what have I done? I smashed
open my little boy's piggy bank, and
for what? A few measly cents. Not
even enough to buy one beer. (THEN)
Wait a minute, let me count and make
sure...

He rummages through the shards, counting rapidly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Not even close.

Homer walks over to the refrigerator. On the freezer door is a memo pad with a pen on a string. The pad says "DUMB THINGS I GOTTA DO TODAY" with beautiful flowing flowers along the borders. Homer takes the pen that hangs from a string and writes:

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Dear Family: I am an utter failure
and you'll be better off without me.
By the time you read this, I will be in
my watery grave. I can only leave you
with the words my father gave me:
'Stand tall, have courage and

never give up.' I only hope I can
provide a better model in death than I
did in life. Warmest regards, Homer J.
Simpson."

Homer lets go of the pen and walks out of the house.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT

Homer has a rope tied around his neck. He ties the other end of the rope to a big rock which he lifts with a **MIGHTY GRUNT**. He takes one last look at the house and **SIGHS**. Then he pushes open the front gate, which **SQUEAKS**. Homer frowns, and lugs his rock to the tool shed. He re-emerges with a can of 3-IN-1 Oil in one hand. He oils the squeaky hinge. Then, still lugging the rock, he puts the oil back in the tool shed and exits through the now non-squeaky gate.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We see a **GRUNTING** Homer walk off into the night carrying the rock.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Homer **MOANS** as he staggers down the street with his rock. It is dark and the streets of Springfield are empty. After a few steps, he passes the house where THE WINFIELDS, an old couple, are passing the time out on the porch.

MRS. WINFIELD

Oh, looks like young Simpson is going
to kill himself.

OLD MAN WINFIELD

Maybe not. Maybe he's just taking his
boulder for a walk.

They **CHUCKLE**. Homer walks on.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart and Lisa rush in and shake their mother.

BART

Mom! Mom! Wake up!

LISA

We've been robbed!

MARGE

What?

BART

Someone swiped my piggy bank.

Marge, Bart and Lisa rush out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marge and Bart see Homer isn't on the couch.

MARGE

(GASPS) Your father's gone, too.

BART

(MUMBLING) They must have taken
everything shaped like a pig.

Lisa runs into the living room holding Homer's suicide note.

LISA

Look what I found.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Homer is now dragging the rock toward the bridge, which is across the intersection. We **HEAR** the **RUSH** of the river below.

HOMER

(PANTING) Almost there.

Homer is halfway across the street when a car comes out of nowhere blaring the **HORN** and narrowly missing Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, you idiot! Watch where you're
going.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

The rest of the family, in their pajamas, robes, and slippers, rushes out of the house toward the bridge.

ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE

Homer drags the rock to the middle of the bridge. He sees there's an identical large rock there, right where he's going to leap off. He looks at that rock, and then he looks at his rock.

HOMER

Well, live and learn.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The family sees Homer and they halt in horror.

MARGE

There he is!

BART

Don't do it, Dad!

THE FAMILY

They rush out into intersection to stop Homer.

Homer sees the truck coming towards his family.

HOMER

(GASPS) Watch out!

THE FAMILY

The speeding truck rushes towards them.

HOMER

Unties the rope from around his neck, tosses it aside, and rushes towards the family.

FAMILY

The truck swerves and misses them as Homer runs out into the intersection. He hugs them and leads them off the street.

HOMER

Boy, this intersection is dangerous!

Someone ought to put a stop sign here.

A ray of golden light lands on Homer's head. We **HEAR** a **CELESTIAL CHORUS**.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, how could you think of
killing yourself? We love you.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. We love you.

BART

Don't ever try that again, Dad.

As Homer speaks, the sun rises behind him. The whole family is bathed in a golden glow. Birds start to **SING**.

HOMER

Kill myself? Killing myself is the
last thing I'd ever do. Now I have a
purpose, a reason to live. I don't
care who I have to face. I don't care
who I have to fight. I will not rest
until this street has a stop sign.

The family all hug and look off into the golden sunrise.
It's a new day for the Simpsons.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CITY HALL - SUNSET

Establishing shot of the very unimpressive-looking City Hall. The name "EL BARTO" is written in spray paint across the face of the building.

INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - EVENING

The Simpsons sit in the front row of an almost empty session of the Springfield City Council. Homer and Bart are in suits and ties. Marge and Lisa are in nice dresses and Maggie wears a special bonnet. On the council dais are **THREE MEN**, two average-looking white men and one average-looking black man. Councilman #1 **BANGS** his gavel.

COUNCILMAN #1

Ah, next on the agenda, Police Chief Wiggum will give us an update on our graffiti problem.

The uniformed CHIEF swaggers up to the podium still wearing his sunglasses.

CHIEF

(CLEARS THROAT) It's no secret that this city has been plagued by a graffiti vandal known as "El Barto." Police artists have a composite sketch of the culprit. If anyone has any information, please contact us immediately.

He holds up a flyer with a drawing that looks similar to Bart only older and meaner, with beard stubble and a cigarette. He hands it to Bart, who looks at it and passes it on.

BART

Cool, man!

Everyone AD LIBS: "Ooh, tough customer," "Don't want to run into him in a dark alley", etc.

COUNCILMAN #1

And now, new business. (READING)
Homer Simpson, local resident, has something. Mr. Simpson?

MARGE

(WHISPERS) Don't be nervous. We believe in you, Homer.

Homer takes out a thick stack of papers and nervously steps up to the podium. He gathers his speech and notes and takes a moment to compose himself.

HOMER

(CLEARS THROAT) Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed Councilmen, boys and girls, retired people with nothing better to do. Danger comes in many, many forms, from the dinosaurs that tormented our cavemen ancestors to the --

COUNCILMAN #2

(INTERRUPTING) Mr. Simpson, get to the point!

HOMER

I think we should put a stop sign at D Street and Twelfth. The other--

COUNCILMAN #1

All in favor?

COUNCILMEN

Aye.

COUNCILMAN #1

Approved. Meeting adjourned. Coffee and maple logs in the lobby.

Homer, confused, slowly walks back to his family.

MARGE

You did it, Homer.

A look of pride and awe crosses Homer's face.

HOMER

Wow. They listened to me. I've really
done something for once.

LISA

All right, Dad!

BART

Way to go, Homer!

Maggie **SUCKS** in approval.

HOMER

Hey, if they think I'm going to stop at
that stop sign, they're sadly mistaken.

MONTAGE

Homer proudly poses with his family in front of the new stop sign. There is a bright flash and the moment becomes a still photo on the page of a newspaper, (The Springfield Shopper). Every new location in this sequence follows that pattern.

Homer poses on his knees next to a speed bump. CAMERA PANS UP TO "SPEED BUMP" sign. The headline reads "DOZENS CHEER HOMER SIMPSON."

Homer points to a "SIGN AHEAD" sign. The headline reads "HOMER SIMPSON STRIKES AGAIN."

He clamps his hand over his head in victory next to a "PLEASE DRIVE FRIENDLY" sign. The headline reads "WATCH OUT HERE COMES HOMER."

Homer smiling broadly underneath a sign that reads "DIP". Headline reads "ENOUGH ALREADY, HOMER SIMPSON."

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

We're IN COLOR now. The park is covered with signs like "CHILDREN AT PLAY", "NO SKATEBOARDING", "GIVE A HOOT, DON'T POLLUTE", etc. Marge ENTERS FRAME carrying a camera. Homer is still wearing his cap.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. I'm so proud of you.

HOMER

(DOWN) Proud. Proud of what?

MARGE

Well, everything. (GESTURING) Your dip sign, for instance. Now people won't be caught off-guard by that little (MAKES DIP GESTURE WITH HER HAND) in the road.

BART

Yeah, they used to call that place Dead Man's Dip.

HOMER

Ah, what a great family! But come on, we all know this is small potatoes. There is a danger in this town that is bigger than all the dips put together.

LISA

What, Dad?

HOMER

I'm talking about that!

Homer points dramatically to the West, toward the Nuclear Power Plant.

MARGE

You don't mean you're going to take on
your old bosses?

HOMER

I'll make them rue the day they ever
set eyes on Homer Simpson.

LISA

Wow!

BART

(MUMBLING) Gee, Dad's a hero.

HOMER

What did you say, son?

BART

Nothing.

HOMER

That's okay. I'll just assume you said
what I thought I heard you say.

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY

A hundred PEOPLE are gathered with anti-nuclear signs and
banners: "PEOPLE AGAINST PEOPLE FOR NUCLEAR ENERGY". They
peacefully assemble in front of the Springfield Nuclear
Power Plant.

DEMONSTRATOR #1

(INTO BULLHORN) He also brought you
the... Speed Bump...

CROWD CHEERS.

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) The Dip Sign...

CROWD CHEERS

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) The fifteen miles per hour speed limit on Main Street.

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) I give you the man whose very name is synonymous with safety... Homer Simpson!

The crowd **APPLAUDS**. Homer climbs up on the car, causing the roof to buckle slightly and the suspension to creak.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Thank you.

The crowd settles.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) Unlike most of you, I am not a nut. Just a good, honest American who opposes wrongdoing and especially carelessness wherever they occur.

HIGH ANGLE HOMER

We watch Homer rouse the crowd with his oratory. **WE PULL OUT** and we're in:

INT. MONTGOMERY BURNS' OFFICE

Montgomery Burns, the sinister but charismatic president of the power plant and Smithers are watching Homer.

BURNS

(SIGHS) Look at that man. He has the crowd in the palm of his hand. Haven't seen anything like it since Jolson.
Who is he?

SMITHERS

(HANDS BURNS BINOCULARS) That's Homer Simpson, sir. He used to work here in the plant, but we fired him for gross incompetence.

BURNS

Oh, so that's his little game. Get this Simpson character up here right now.

SMITHERS

But, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

I said, DO IT! NOW DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

EXT. POWER PLANT

Homer is still standing on the car addressing the audience with a bullhorn.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Our lives are in the hands of men no smarter than you or I. Many of them, incompetent boobs. I know this because I have worked along side them, gone bowling with them, watched them pass me over for promotions time and again. And I say, this stinks!

The crowd **CHEERS**. Smithers and TWO BIG GOONS approach Homer. We see rest of the Simpsons in the crowd.

BART

Right on, Dad!

SMITHERS

Hey, Simpson.

A hush falls over the crowd.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Burns wants to talk to you, privately.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Privately?

SMITHERS

(PUSHING AWAY BULLHORN) Yes.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN; TO CROWD) Stay here,

I'll be right back.

Crowd **CHEERS**.

Homer carefully tries to climb down off the car and falls to the ground. Quickly getting to his feet, Homer and Smithers enter the plant grounds.

INT. MONTGOMERY BURNS' OFFICE

Burns sitting behind his gigantic desk with just one file folder on it. Homer meekly walks in.

BURNS

Ah, Homer Simpson, at last we meet.

HOMER

Same here.

BURNS

Simpson. I want you to rejoin our power plant family.

HOMER

Sorry, no can do!

BURNS

Hear me out, Simpson. I don't want you to come back as a Technical Supervisor, or Supervising Technician, or whatever the hell you used to do. I want you to be in charge of safety here at the plant.

HOMER

Safety? But sir, if the truth be known, I actually caused more accidents around here than any other employee. There were even a few doozies no one ever found out about.

BURNS

The generous offer I'm making is good for exactly thirty seconds, Simpson.

He turns over a thirty second egg timer on his desk.

CLOSEUP - HOMER

HOMER (V.O.)

Me in charge of safety? This place
could blow sky-high. (THEN) Naaa.
I'll concentrate on my work now.
(THEN) Gee, this guy's desk sure is
big. (THEN) I can't let Marge support
the family. (THEN) This guy's got
the cleanest shirt I've ever seen.
What should I...

BART

Simpson! Time's up!

HOMER

Umm... What the hey. I'll take the
job.

BURNS

Excellent! Your first duty will be to
step out on the (GESTURING) balcony and
tell that crowd this plant is safe.

HOMER

(GASP) What?

BURNS

Go on, Homer. You've got a family to
feed. Get out there.

Homer steps out to **WILD CHEERS** and **CHANTS** of "Homer,
Homer." He motions to the crowd to quiet down and holds up
the bullhorn.

LISA

Go, Dad!

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Ladies and gentlemen,
this plant is --

HOMER'S P.O.V.

We PAN ACROSS CROWD, see Lisa stand, BACKLIT ala "The Natural." Bart stands, BACKLIT the same way. Marge stands, holding Maggie BACKLIT.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Oh, sit tight. I'll
be right back.

Crowd **CHEERS**. Homer crosses back into the office.

BURNS

Now what.

HOMER

I can't do it, Mr. Burns. I looked
into the faces of my family out there
and I realized I couldn't lie to them.

BURNS

You mean you're willing to give up a
good job and a raise just for your
principles?

HOMER

Hmmm. When you put it that way, it does sound a little farfetched. But that's the lug you're looking at. And I vow to continue spending every free minute I have crusading for safety. Of course, I'd have a lot less of those free minutes if you gave me the job.

BURNS

You're not as stupid as you look... or sound... or our best testing indicates. You've got the job. Now get to work.

HOMER

I'll get to work. But first I have to say goodbye to some friends.

EXT. PLANT

Homer steps back out on the balcony with the bullhorn.
SFX: CHEERS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN; SNIFFLING) Friends,
you have come to depend on me as your
safety watchdog so you won't scrape
yourself or stub your toes, or get run
over by a car, but you can't depend on
me all your lives. You have to learn
that there's a little Homer Simpson in
all of us. He may be temporarily
lost ... he may be confused... he may
be drunk, stumbling around, but he is
inside every man...

SOME WOMEN

In the audience start to **HISS**.

BACK TO HOMER

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN; COVERING) ...and
woman, ready to sound the alarm,
whether a shoelace is untied, or a
black cloud of pollution threatens to
eat the flesh off your face. The only
reason I'm telling you this is I'm
going to be leaving you.

Crowd reacts, **AD LIBBING**, "Oh, no!", "What?", etc.

HOMER (CONT'D)

But, but don't worry. I have just been
appointed the new safety inspector at
this very plant...

Crowd **CHEERS** and **CHANTS**: "Homer!," "Homer!," "Homer!".

HOMER (CONT'D)

... with a big fat raise!

Crowd **CHEERS** and **CHANTS**: "Homer!," "Homer!," "Homer!". We
HEAR BART above crowd. Some people are **CRYING**.

BART

Hey, that's my pop!

Homer does a celebratory dance with his arms raised above
his head and inadvertently tumbles over the balcony.

HOMER

Whoa!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - WEEKS LATER

Except for Homer, the family is at the table.

LISA

Where's Dad?

BART

Yeah, man. Ever since Homer got his
job back, he's never home on time.

We **HEAR FRONT DOOR OPEN** and **FOOTSTEPS** approaching.

MARGE

Homer, we're in here. I made your
favorite, smothered pork chops...

FOOTSTEPS continue to approach. Homer enters looking
dazed. He glows a bright blue. **SFX: HUMMMM.**

HOMER

There was a little accident at the
plant today.

Marge drops her fork. SFX: CLATTER.

FADE TO BLACK:

Except for Homer, who still glows.

THE END